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"That's nothing. Wait till you see her shuffle!"

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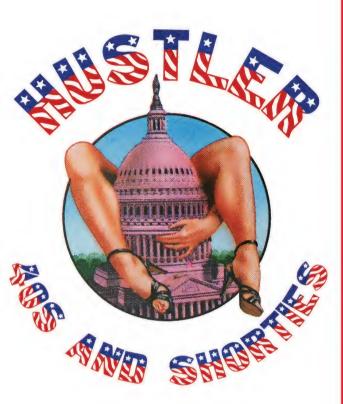
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TRUMP VS. THE FREE PRESS

If there is one single thing that defines the American tradition and the success of our nation, it has to be the First Amendment, with its guarantee of free speech and freedom of the press. Thomas Jefferson expressed it best: "And were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter." That's because powerful people in both government and the private sector are always doing end runs around the law. The temptation to cut corners, abuse power and commit fraud is almost irresistible at the top of the food chain. And it's just too easy to get away with it—unless you have dependable journalists who shine light into the shadows and hold the bastards accountable. That's why dictators hate the press, and honest reporters are always their first victims—jailed, expelled or murdered.

Many American Presidents have been hostile to the free press. Nixon was notoriously bad; his band of "plumbers" even considered assassinating famed journalist Jack Anderson. But Donald Trump takes this hostility to a whole new level.

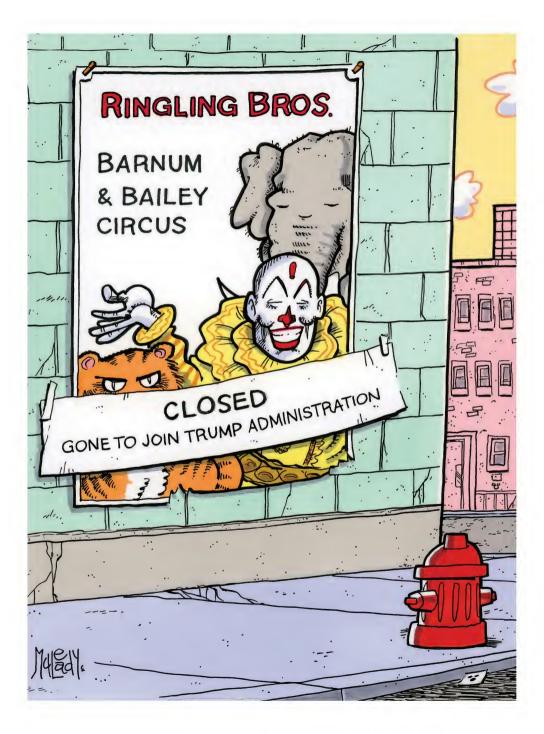
When NBC News reported that the President, in a meeting with his heads of security, said he wanted a tenfold increase in the U.S. nuclear arsenal—equal to what we had back in the 1960s—Trump blew a gasket, tweeting, "With all of the Fake News coming out of NBC and the Networks, at what point is it appropriate to challenge their License? Bad for country!" Trump's own secretary of state, Rex Tillerson, allegedly called him a "fucking moron" after that meeting ended. He hit the nail on the head.

First, there is no such thing as licenses for broadcasting networks the FCC issues licenses only to individual stations. Second, Trump didn't exactly say "tenfold increase," but that's what ramping up our nuclear arsenal to '60s level would require. And third, the whole idea of shutting down a news organization for reporting the inconvenient truth is the mark of a banana republic autocrat, not an American President.

If the press publishes erroneous information with malicious intent, we have libel and defamation laws to deal with that. But for public figures the standard is much looser. In the bad old days of colonial America and King George's England, reporters could be prosecuted and jailed for defamation or blasphemy, even if the reporting was absolutely true! This all changed in 1964 with the landmark Supreme Court case *New York Times v. Sullivan*, where the justices declared that "debate on public issues should be uninhibited, robust, and wideopen, and that it may well include vehement, caustic, and sometimes unpleasantly sharp attacks on government and public officials."

Got that, Donald? As Harry Truman said, "If you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen." We at HUSTLER are doing everything possible to evict this dangerous moron from the kitchen and the whole White House before he burns the place down and destroys over 200 years of Constitutional government. And we ask you to help us—write your Congress critters and newspapers and express your outrage. The more noise we all make, the better.

Larry Flynt Publisher



TRUMP'S BRINKSMANSHIP

THE ROGUE PRESIDENT WANTS TO KILL IMMIGRATION REFORM AND OBAMACARE, WILL HE KILL ALL OF US TOO?

hat a pleasure it is to have an oafish President like Donald Trump to kick around. It doesn't get any better for conventional politicians or the mainstream media that fawns on those bipartisan hacks. Trump, the world's most powerful leader, is such a worthy target that even his dimmest critics seem profound in comparison.

After all, he is playing fast and easy with the nuclear war threat, is blindly indifferent to climate change, expresses contempt for international trade and arms control agreements, dares to criticize the Affordable Care Act as a fatally flawed system of medical coverage and threatens the wholesale expulsion of undocumented immigrants. Outrageous.

Or is it? Sure, Trump is a demagogue of epic proportions. Regarding issues like Middle East refugees and immigration, he dangerously echoes Europe's neofascist fringe, whose candidates have made strong showings in a number of parliamentary elections, most notably in Austria. the birtholace of Adolf Hitler.

Some lessons are never learned, particularly scapegoating undocumented immigrants who grab menial jobs that Americans turn down. What every sensible person in Congress and the media has long known is that the quotas for legal immigration from Mexico and Central America are ridiculously low and that reform must begin with accounting for family connections and other established ties to people south of the border. Congress didn't have the guts to push for that, and an easily exploited undocumented population of more than 11 million consequently created a festering wound into which Trump has dug his nails.

Then there's the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA), which protected profits for multinational corporations but ignored unregulated trade's adverse impact on masses of American workers. Faced with 40 years of an ever-widening income gap between the average worker and the elite that funds both major parties, most people in this country no longer trusted the established political leadership to give a damn about their stagnant prospects. During the 2016 Presidential campaign, many Democrats who initially backed the genuine populist Bernie Sanders crossed over and joined similarly alienated Republicans, who also had nowhere to turn except that joker named Donald Trump.

Since being sworn in, Trump has been trying to sabotage the Affordable Care Act (aka Oba-

macare), which forces people to sign up for a program with no mechanism for controlling costs. Deductibles are expensive, one of the reasons why critics favor a single-payer system or expanded Medicare coverage. The reluctance of Republican and Democratic leadership to support either fix has led to a deep discontent that Trump can easily exploit.

Climate change is another issue that lawmakers from both parties have blown. Yes, we have to act on fossil fuels, but what's being done for the coal miners in Appalachia who lost their jobs? Ignored for too long by politicians, they voted for Trump in 2016.

All of the above can be debated, and when Congress gets its act together and starts solving problems, demagogues like Trump will lose out. But there is a more pressing and far more dangerous aspect of the Trump Presidency: the risk of his blowing us all to smithereens. This is why I lose sleep at night, knowing that Trump can move quickly past his rhetorical attacks on

North Korea and Iran to the real deal, the point of no return

Here too I blame our political leaders and their journalistic "amen" chorus for ignoring the problem. They seem to have forgotten that genocidal weapons were invented in the United States and were used to kill hundreds of thousands of innocent civilians in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Japan.

It was the political establishment that failed to heed President Eisenhower's warning about the influence of the military-industrial complex to set this country on the course of an imperialist foreign policy, fueled by the ambitions of the mightiest military the world has ever known. After creating the modern-day equivalent of the Roman Empire, with all of its arrogant and aggressive trappings, the political establishment is now shocked to discover that the emperor is a madman named Donald Trump.

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a Los Angeles Times columnist and editor, is now editor of TruthDig.com. His latest book is They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroving Democracy.



"I have reason to believe that being a Republican can turn you gay. You see, I didn't turn gay until I turned Republican."



TRUMP HATES COAL MINERS

THE PRETENDER-IN-CHIEF SAYS HE LOVES THEM. ACTUAL FACTS SUGGEST OTHERWISE.

e love our coal miners," the President said as he signed an executive order to lift coal mining's safety and environmental regulations. Donald Trump spent much of his Presidential campaign cozying up to coal workers and their families in West Virginia, Kentucky and other rural parts of Appalachia, where the industry has been hollowed out in recent years thanks to automation and the rise of cheaper, cleaner natural gas.

Miners "have not been treated well," Trump lamented, promising to put unemployed miners back to work. "But they're going to be treated well now," he declared in Louisville a week before signing his order. But those miners aren't going back to work. Whether Trump knows that or not remains an open question.

In promising to reverse President Barack Obama's "Clean Power Plan" — requiring coal-burning power plants to reduce carbon pollution — Trump argued, "No single regulation threatens our miners, energy workers and companies more than this crushing attack on American industry." Actually it's not miners or their families that Trump is concerned about. It's the industry bosses who funded his campaign. They may benefit from removal of some regulations. Workers — who've been fighting for jobs and their very lives for decades — will not, and the Trump Administration is vying to make that fight even harder.

One practice that has decimated coal-industry jobs is mountaintop removal mining (MTR). According to Bob Kincaid, cofounder of the Appalachian Community Health Emergency Campaign, "Ten people working with a bunch of heavy machinery can take down 5,000 acres in five years. You're not paying many people there."

Kincaid told me, "It's not really mountaintop removal. It's mountain removal. You take vast amounts of high explosives and then you set it off. Huge clouds of dust then boil off the strip mine site and roll down into the hollers and into valleys and onto places where people live, who then breathe it."

MTR is a job killer and a people killer. "Nothing in the human body can stop the dust because it's so fine," Kincaid explained. "It's so tiny. A lot of it is silica, a well-known carcinogen. They blow up the mountain, and they dump all the stuff that isn't coal into the valley next door and bury streams. They've done this to over 500 mountains. They've buried over 2,500 miles of streams... forever, [which] causes poisons to run into the water."

But the larger concern "is the dust," Kincaid emphasized, acknowledging the science (for folks into that sort of thing). "What you can't see can kill you.

Over two dozen reports have shown that there are

vastly elevated rates of cancer, birth defects, genitourinary diseases, pulmonary diseases, heart diseases in the areas where this dust falls. "Areas that Kincaid, a ninth-generation Appalachian from West Virginia, and hundreds of thousands of others most of whom backed Trump in 2016—still call home despite the health risks and economic wees.

After state advocates spent years pushing the feds to confirm the deadly effects of MTR, the Obama Administration gave the National Academies of Sciences, Engineering, and Medicine a grant to study the matter. The scientists reviewed data compiled by peer-reviewed studies and held public forums with stakeholders throughout Appalachia. But before their findings could be compiled for publication, Team Trump ordered a full stop.

"The U.S. Department of the Interior's Office of Surface Mining Reclamation and Enforcement informed the National Academies of Sciences, Engineering, and Medicine that it should cease all work on a study of the potential health risks for people living near surface coal mine sites in Central Appalachia," the Academies announced last August. The administration, they said, was halting all such scientific reviews due to "a changing budget situation." Kincaid called the excuse "a load of hogwash," noting that the review was "already paid for, the money is already gone."

Based on the scientists' last open meeting be-

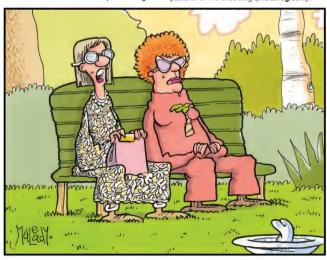
fore the study was stopped, Kincaid predicted "they were going to say that there does appear to be a scientific reason to be concerned about the harm that mountaintop removal coal extraction does to people who live near it. That very well would have created a controversy and a storm that the coal industry could not have weathered." Kincaid blasted what he described as a "downright un-American suppression of science....The kind of stuff they do in North Korea or the old Soviet Union!"

U.S. Congress members from the region—Republicans and the few Democrats alike—haven't raised a peep. "It's sort of like 'Home on the Range,' where never is heard a discouraging word, and the coal dust isn't toxic all day," Kincaid quipped. "They don't want this."

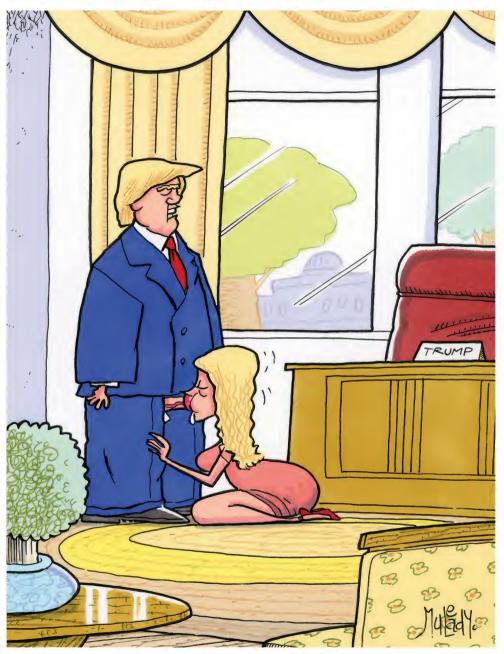
Trump may not know much, but he knows that coal mining is deadly. In a 1990 *Playboy* interview the then-young real estate hustler was asked why he took up his wealthy father's family business. "I like the challenge and tell the story of the coal miner's son," he said. "The coal miner gets black lung disease, his son gets it, then *his* son. If *I* had been the son of a coal miner, I would have left the damn mines. But most people don't have the imagination—or whatever—to leave their mine."

Donald Trump knows that coal mining kills. He just doesn't care. He "loves coal," but hates the very men and women who die bringing it to us.

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, radio host of the nationally syndicated *BradCast*, political commentator, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).



"The only person Trump won't fire is Jared Kushner, and that's saying something, since he fucks Trump's daughter in the ass and makes her suck his dick."



"I fired Flynn, Spicer, Priebus, Scaramucci, Price and Bannon. Don't worry, Kellyanne, your position in the Oval Office is safe."

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

onald Trump's daughter Ivanka is beautiful—blond, slender, high cheekbones, sultry eyes—she's also proof positive that beauty is only skin deep. Ivanka was supposed to be the good Trump in the White House, providing the conscience her psycho dad lacked. Unfortunately, she's turned into the poster girl for the President's

bullshit populism. While Big Daddy was telling us all to "buy American and hire American" in his inauguration speech. Ivanka was busy importing no less than 53 metric tons of clothing, bags and shoes for her fashion line, all of it made in foreign sweatshops. One of the Chinese factories she used forced workers to put in 57 hours per week "on a regular basis" and work up to 82 hours of overtime per month between September 2015 and August 2016, a violation of Chinese overtime labor law. They were paid a mere \$62 per week, and less than a third of them were offered legally mandated bene-

fits. Three investigators from an American nonprofit, China Labor Watch, were arrested or disappeared while looking into these abuses in China. Maybe Ivanka should change the name of her brand to Coolie Couture.

Though you'd think her fashion line would at least be original, many of her designs are complete ripoffs. Her brand settled one lawsuit brought by Unicolors for barely tweaking their fabric design and selling it as her own. In 2016 Italian shoemaker Aquazzura slapped her with a trademark infringement suit for basically cloning its Wild Thing shoe.

But no surprise here: This is just what the Trump family specializes in-fucking over any and everyone... Like all the suckers who invested in Trump SoHo, a hotel/condo development in Manhattan run by Ivanka and her brother, Donald Jr., along with some very unsavory partners. By the spring of 2012 the Manhattan District Attorney had spent two years building a criminal case against them for deliberately conning buyers, based on emails establishing that they "approved, knew of, agreed to, and intentionally inflated the numbers to make more sales. They knew it was wrong." The Trump kids were treading hot water-until Trump family attornev Marc Kasowitz donated \$25,000 to Manhattan D.A. Cyrus Vance's reelection campaign. Vance overruled his prosecutors and dropped the case. prompting Kasowitz to allegedly brag it was "amazing I got them off." Vance did return the donation, but then Kasowitz upped the ante, making another donation of \$32,000 and holding two campaign fundraisers. It took five long years, but Vance eventually returned that donation too, following a scathing exposé by ProPublica.

Ivanka and Donald Jr.'s partners in Trump SoHo were two Russian-born real estate moduls. Felix

and their deep involvement with Russian mobsters and Kremlin schemers is slowly but surely rising to the surface.

Known as "Princess Boyal" by West

Wing insiders, Ivanka has tried to paste

a happy face over all of this suspicious wrangling, mainly through her championing of women's rights and advocacy for maternity leave in the U.S., the only developed nation that does not offer it. Trump finally added a provision for six weeks of paid parental leave in his latest budget, but this is like offering a kid a melting Popsicle after you've stolen his

Popsice after you've stolen his lunch money. The budget includes \$1.4 trillion in cuts to Medicaid, a 20% decrease in funding for the Children's Health Insurance Program and \$193 billion in cuts to the food stamp

program. What good is paid maternity leave if you can't afford a doctor, pay hospital bills or buy enough food to keep you and your children

ouy enough rood to keep you and your children from starving? Advocates have almost universally condemned this farce as the "world's worst parental leave plan."

Thanks so much, Ivanka! Of course, we really don't expect silver-spoon lickers to understand the real struggles of working people or the outrage so many women feel over Trump's blatant misogyny. As Netflix star Chelsea Handler advised Ivanka, "Tell that fucking asshole that this is an unacceptable way to treat women. We're moving backward!"

Ivanka and Jared own a \$4-million condo in Manhattan that houses a multimillion-dollar art collection they failed to disclose, even though the Office of Government Ethics requires federal employees to report such investments. They claim the art is only for "decorative purposes." That example of obtuseness pales next to Ivanka and Jared doing exactly what the Trump family blasted Hillary Clinton for during the campaign: using a private email account to conduct government business. During the Presidential transition, the kids set up the private Javanka domain, and Ivanka has used it to communicate with government officials, possibly evading public-records laws. The hypocrisy is breathtakino.

But the most troubling thing about Ivanka is that she is a heartbeat away from the most powerful man in the world, giving him advice and helping him determine U.S. policy, with her qualifying experience of ...ripping off a few fashion designs and hawking them with Chinese slave labor? America is supposed to be a meritocracy, but under Trump it's looking more like some third-rate Eurotrash arristocracy. Amateur rich kids and ignorant Assholes are in charge.

God help the republic!

IVANKA TRUMP

Sater and Tevfik Arif, of the Bayrock Group. In 1993 Sater was convicted of assaulting a man with the stem of a margarita glass and spent a year in prison. A few years later he pled guilty to racketeering in a \$40-million securities fraud scheme. Tevfik Arif was investigated by Turkish authorities for running a floating whorehouse on a \$60-million yacht, featuring underage European "models." He was eventually acquitted, but his and Sater's Bayrock Group has been slammed with multiple lawsuits charging them with defrauding the IRS, money laundering and embezzling millions from its subsidiaries.

That's some sweet company for the Trump clan. No wonder Donald Trump suffers spontaneous amnesia whenever Sater's name is mentioned, even though Sater worked with the Trump Organization for nearly a decade, pursuing real estate deals in Russia and former Soviet republics. In emails to Trump lawyer Michael Cohen, Sater once gushed, "Our boy can become president of the USA and we can engineer it. I will get all of Putins [sic] team to buy in on this, I will manage this process...I will get Putin on this program and we will get Donald elected." He even boasted, "I arranged for Ivanka to sit in Putins (sic) private chair at his desk and office in the Kremlin." Ivanka and Jared have also admitted to socializing with Roman Abramovich, a Russian oligarch and close ally to Vladimir Putin. Just in case you were wondering why President TrumPutin gave his daughter a Russian name-it appears all roads lead to Moscow with this bunch.



BLOW, BABY, BLOW

Hurricane relief just got a whole lot sexier. File under, "Only in Florida": Hurricane victims left frustrated in the wake of Irma's destruction were offered the sweet sexual relief they so desperately needed when FEMA "accidentally" advertised the number for a phone sex line.

In an orgy of bad luck and zero second thought, the Federal Emergency Management Agency's Region 4 office tweeted out 1-800-R00F-BLU. You see, Operation Blue Roof is a program that puts sturdy blue tarps on hurricane-damaged homes throughout southern Florida. But when you replace 1-888 with 1-800, like FEMA's (former?) social media manager did in September, you get another service altogether.

"Welcome to America's hottest talk line. Guys, hot ladies are waiting to talk to you. Press 1 to connect, free, now," goes the recording (as transcribed by the good folks over at *The Sacramento Bee*). Consumerist keenly observes how the message goes on tantalize women with, "interesting and exciting quys," but no hotties?? The plot thickens.

The original tweet was quickly deleted and updated with the correct digits, but not before some very unimpressed and roofless Floridians learned the hard way that phone sex is never, ever free.

If there is a silver lining here, it's that wayward husbands have been handed a mulligan—"Honey, it's not my fault! I called the number that FEMA posted, and it took me 15 minutes to figure out what was going on." Anthony Weiner, are you taking notes?

THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

Is there anything scarier than a clown? Pennywise, the shape-shifting nightmare monster from Stephen King's It, is terror personified, but add kink to the mix and suddenly the big top becomes a completely different kind of freak show altogether.

So it was at a recent event hosted by Snctm, described as "the world's most exclusive erotic club" (*The Sun*, U.K.). The ultra-steamy circus-themed party, thrown in honor of two lifetime members, featured a live sex show, ringmaster included, costumed threesomes aplenty and no shortage of high-profile names in attendance (masked, of course).

Snotm owner Damon Lawner says that members are mainly made up of famous actors, CEOs, investment bankers and lawyers, and he even goes so far to name-drop Gwyneth Paltrow as one of the A-list guests to have passed through the club's doors.

Lawner prefers "erotic theater" to "sex party," but let's not split hairs here—clown sex is clown sex no matter how you dress it up. And if you think that's scary, then wait until you get a load of the price tag: Annual membership runs in the neighborhood of S75K. This gets you admission to all parties, access to private rooms and an unlimited supply of Cristal for drinking out of your date's gigantic, oversize, novelty shoes. But only the boys need to pay. Beautiful, "carefully vetted" women enter gratis. And if Pennywise still haunts your dreams, don't worry—he got blacklisted three years ago for barfing in the hot tub.





THE REAL FAKE NEWS: PRAYER ELIMINATES GUN VIOLENCE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The obligatory outpouring of thoughts and prayers in the wake the largest mass-shooting in modern American history has achieved what many thought impossible: "Since the recent horrors

we all witnessed in Las Vegas," says FBI agent Tom Daniels, "we've recorded zero instances of oun-related homicides across America."

The lack of carnage, from gang-related shootings and acts of domestic terror to suicides and toddler-related accidents, has left many Americans baffled.

"I don't know what happened," says Baltimore police officer Chad Barker. "My partner and I stopped an African-American individual for walking in a suspicious, bipedal manner. He ran, and rather than shooting him in the back, we decided to just forget about it and go get tacos. They were delicious, but it really messed us up."

Potential mass shooters have been likewise affected by the deluge of thoughts and prayers. "I was heading out my front door, personal military-grade arsenal in tow, with every intention of murdering as many goddamn morally depraved phonies as possible," admits Colorado resident and would-be mass-murderer Kevin Jacobs. "But thou was like, Eh, maybe I could find a better way to express my incoherent rage and disgust with our decaying society, so I took up interpretive dance. I even won a contest."

The Speaker of the House claims to know exactly what's behind the recent rash of nonviolence: "Why do you think we do this after every mass shooting?" says Congressman Paul Ryan. "Republicans have always known that if we thought and prayed hard enough, which we now clearly have, God was bound to take action eventually. Through Him all things are possible—maybe not gun control legislation per se, but freedom, magic and puppy dog smiles. It's basic Bible science."

DISCLAIMER: THIS IS FAKE NEWS AND IS NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY, FOR FAKE NEWS THAT IS MEANT TO BE TAKEN SE-RIOUSLY, TUNE IN TO FOX & FRIENDS.







"Honey, it's home!"

BOOB GOOGLES

Like flying cars or teleportation, virtual reality technology had yet to align with our expectations of life in 2018. But then a Swissbased tech firm went and changed everything by developing the first ever boob goggles.

According to *The Mirror*, this 3D technology—developed by the visionaries at Crisalix—is currently in use at select U.K. clinics. The goggles look like most VR headsets on the market, but instead of game play, you're staring at a mathematically perfect representation of a desired breast augmentation.

In one demo video a client looks out onto four virtual computer screens with possible variations based on cup size, shape (round implant versus teardrop) and so forth. As she selects a particular style, she can look down at her own chest and see what it would look like in real time. It definitely has that PlayStation 2-era look to it in that the graphics aren't exactly lifelike, but neither are two 850cc saline bags.

The ability to see results before the procedure definitely has its benefits, and one doctor claims that not a single client has complained that her new sweater kittens aren't akin to the virtual version. For fans of the film *Total Recall*, it begs the question: If we can simulate reality, including boobs, then how long before women can have *three* boobs? Asking for a friend...





MURPHY'S LAW

Known by his pro-life alter ego Tim Murphy (R-PA) by day, the Pennsylvania congressman apparently takes to text messages at night and urges abortions.

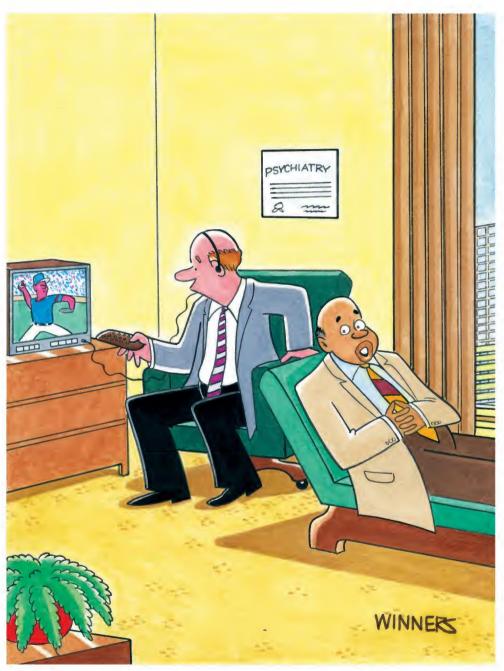
After the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* won a motion to unseal divorce proceedings in which the married Man of Steeltown was deposed for his role in breaking up a marriage with his conservative dick, Murphy issued a brief statement admitting to an "affair with a personal friend."

In reviewing the court documents, the *Gazette* discovered text messages between the 65-year-old Murphy and his 32-year-old "friend," uncovering a new depth to Murphy's hypocrisy. In response to a Facebook post on his official office account, the congressman's friend sent him the following message: "And you have zero issue posting your pro-life stance all over the place when you had no issue asking me to abort our unborn child just last week when we thought that was one of the options."

Later that day Murphy replied, "I get what you say about my March for Life messages. I've never written them. Staff does them. I read them and winced. I told staff don't write anymore. I will."

Also, as *Politico* writer Jake Sherman noted on Twitter, there was a "buried bit in the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* story about Tim Murphy: He admitted to his mistress he was in a relationship with a woman named Susan...his chief of staff is named Susan."

After the antiabortion hero and member of the House Pro-Life Caucus was forced to resign in shame, staffers came forward to describe Murphy's reign of abuse and "terror." A true Republican hero.



"I often feel like nobody pays any attention to me."































NG TRASH WITH

THANKS TO 25 YEARS OF STANDOUT ROLES IN MOVIES, SITCOMS

AND NOW NETFLIX'S ATYPICAL, MICHAEL RAPAPORT IS A PRETTY BIG STAR.

BUT UNLIKE MANY CELEBRITIES, RAPAPORT DOESN'T HOLD BACK.

HE DOESN'T SPEAK THROUGH PUBLICISTS OR GIVE ONE-WORD ANSWERS.

NO, THE MAN HAPPILY SPEAKS HIS MIND, WHETHER ON TWITTER OR

AS THE HOST OF THE POPULAR PODCAST I AM RAPAPORT OR IN HIS NEW

TOME, THIS BOOK HAS BALLS: SPORTS RANTS FROM THE MVP OF TALKING

TRASH. THE ROWDY REDHEAD RECENTLY SAT DOWN WITH HUSTLER

AT A SIDEWALK CAFÉ IN NEW YORK CITY, WHERE IN FRONT OF A CROWD

OF EAVESDROPPING BYSTANDERS HE LOUDLY SHARED HIS THOUGHTS ON

"LITTLE-DICK, DUMPY DONALD," THE STATE OF RACE RELATIONS IN AMERICA,

THE GREATEST "STICKMEN" IN HOLLYWOOD HISTORY AND

HIS CRUSH ON MARY LOU RETTON.

INTERVIEW BY T.S. FARLEY PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIUS BUGGE

USTLER: In your new book you claim the greatest athlete of all time—male or female—is Serena Williams, but how much of that comes down to you being an ass man?

MICHAEL RAPAPORT: Ha ha! I've always loved Serena. She's had such an incredible long run, dominating for so many years. The year that Ronda Rousey was nominated most kick-ass athlete Serena had a ridiculous year, and that's when I started really pushing, pushing, pushing Serena. I mean, I always thought she was beautiful, but on top of all that I just think she's an ass-kicker.

But how can she be the greatest athlete when John McEnroe, at age 58, thinks he can beat her?

John McEnroe probably can beat her, but that's just the difference between men and women. And that's a whole other conversation. Physically we're different, and that's a beautiful thing. To try to make the argument that men and women are the same, like that Billie Jean King versus Bobby Riggs thing, that ain't reality when it comes to high-level sports. But I got nothing but respect for Serena.

You also reveal in *This Book* that one of your nicknames is Gringo Mandingo?

That's just a silly nickname my wife gave me. It's like my fantasy football alias, just for fun.

But it alludes to the fact you're often seen as the white guy crossing over into the black world. How did you become that guy?

I think it's from sports and hip-hop. I grew up in New York City and was exposed to hip-hop very early, really at its inception. My father was the general manager at WKTU, Disco 92, and he brought "Rapper's Delight" home in 1979. That and my love of basketball took me all over New York City, so I was fortunate to see a different culture. I was able to be around all that at a very young, innocent age.

Speaking of hip-hop, what do you think of Kid Rock?

I think Kid Rock is drinking that Donald Trump juice. I think he really wants to be a senator, and I think he's doing what he can to get votes. His music catalog has always been trash—from when he was doing >>

the mash-up stuff in the '90s—and when that stopped working, then all of a sudden he's singing country music? It's all just a gimmick. Obviously he's had a good career, and I'm sure we'd get a kick out of each other if we met, but I think in this climate...he's saying things like "Fuck Colin Kaepernick." He changed his whole tune from when he was talking that "ba-diddy-ba" shit, and I think it's very dangerous to continue that. People are really selling their souls for political aspirations.

Are opinions like those why I see you called "wigger" and "race traitor" on Twitter?

Being on social media has been eve-opening to me in terms of the amount of racism in this country, whether against Jews, blacks, Hispanics. Like recently I was very adamant that I wanted Floyd Mayweather to kick [Conor] McGregor's ass because I was rooting for boxing. I was rooting for the boxer. The reality is that if McGregor had somehow won that fight, people would still be in the street drunk and rolling around in the mud and celebrating, because they thought they had the great white hope coming to beat Apollo Creed sort of thing, like in the Rocky movies, but it didn't happen, "Race traitor," that's just a term of pent-up, angry white people. I've never been called that by a black person or a Spanish person. Not even a Jewish person called me that as far as I know. But Twitter and social media is like a truth serum. They say when people get drunk, the "real you" comes out, but a lot of people say a lot of crazy, vile shit on Twitter, and they're not drunk. They're just waking up in the morning, a regular day. I thought we were moving forward in this country, but maybe we're not moving forward.

What were your thoughts on Charlottesville?

Charlottesville was what it was. You know, a small group of people trying to hang on to the past, scared people. A lot of them don't even know what the fuck they're protesting about. These are disenfranchised, unfocused, angry little motherfuckers, but you know, if you really want to get it poppin' and you really hate black people, don't do it in Charlottesville. I mean, you know where black people are. Go up to 125th Street and Lenox Avenue and talk that shit up there. Bring it right to them. I just think the country is in a really fucked up place. I think Trump has been very divisive. You know, his "Make America Great Again" thing? The "Again" is what bothers me. Where do you want to go? To the 1960s? Because we're not doing that. To the '50s? '40s? I'm Jewish, and you're not putting me in a motherfucking oven. We're not going to the 1800s. So what does the "Again" mean? These are real dog whistles for white supremacists, real bird calls. Now we're in a tricky place. Racism didn't start with Donald Trump, and it won't end with Donald Trump, but he certainly reinvigorated it.

So did you ever meet your fellow New Yorker, Trump, or work with him?

Never met him, but I've seen the guy around a couple times at parties. The guy could've been a Democrat to the tenth power, but New Yorkers never would've voted for him. We know he's nothing but a skirt-chasing, money-grubbing pimp, hustler, con man, dog. We're his neighbors and we know what he is. I'm not a real political historian, but have there been many Presidents who couldn't even win their own city? Trump couldn't even win his own borough! And it has nothing to do with Democrat or Republican, just that we know him. We've watched him. We know what he's about. He's the same dude that's on Ninth Av-

enue and 43rd Street playing three-card monte and tricking people out of their money. He's the same, but he's just made more money doing it. And he's brought such disrespect to the White House. Whether or not he's a white supremacist or Steve Bannon is a white supremacist, they fuck with white supremacists enough that Trump needed to get his arm twisted to condemn Charlottesville. I mean, Donald Trump is a disgrace to New York, he's a disgrace to politics, and he's a disgrace to the White House. Period. And you're not firing me, motherfucker, because right now I don't have a job.

Your new book is all about sports, so in terms of race and sports, what do you think is happening with Colin Kaepernick?

What he did needed to happen. It took some balls to do what he did,

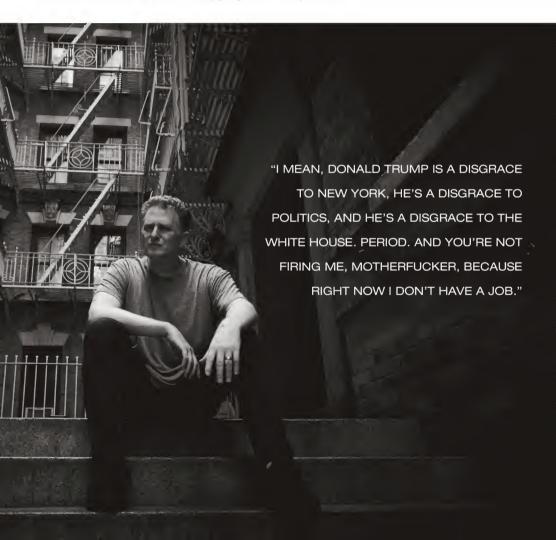


but he absolutely should be playing in the NFL. He's certainly better than the three quarterbacks the Jets have. And he's a hero to all the other players in the league. I don't want to put him on Muhammad Ali's level, but he took a stand that black lives matter. White lives matter too, obviously, and police lives matter. We all matter. White, black, Puerto Rican, Jewish, yellow, green, crazy, not crazy, we all matter. But the reason why the Black Lives Matter movement came on is because a lot of people have treated black lives like they do not matter.

Speaking of sports stars getting fucked, you include some advice to Tiger Woods on how he can get his game back on track.

Ha, yeah, Tiger just needs to go back to being Tiger Woods, the animal, the sexual addict that we all know and love. Obviously, getting his busi-

ness dragged around in public must've sucked, and it broke up his family, but we know who you are, Tiger. You're not Mr. Goody Twoshoes. The jig is up! I say just unfold the loaf, get the Viagra, and be yourself, because that's your only hope of going back to being the great Tiger Woods again. When he was out there fucking all that mediocre Midwestern snapper, he was great. And that was the beauty of Tiger, not just that he was going out with supermodels and dimes, but he was fucking anything and everything. He tried to present himself as something he wasn't, but like I said in the book, Tiger should start doing ads for Trojan, ads for Schlitz Malt Liquor. It's not too late for him to have a great golfing career. Tiger just needs to let the chips fall where they may and go back to being the fucking ruthless sexual savage he always was. >>



As a young man you had a thing for Mary Lou Retton?

Loved her smile, loved her personality. Like the rest of the country, I fell in love with her at the 1984 Olympics, I had a little shrine to her in my room. I was like 14, and then after the Olympics I went to see her in an exhibition at Madison Square Garden. It was like 99.9% teenage girls. and then there was me. My father had got me a ticket, so I dressed up, put on cologne, and I really thought I was gonna walk outa there with Mary Lou Retton to start our life together. It didn't happen. This is literally true: She was making eye contact with me, and I said, "Me and you, Mary Lou," Then she said to her brother. "Get this guy outa here" or "Watch this guy" or some shit like that. It was embarrassing.

You're everywhere now, on Barstool Sports talking fantasy football, hosting a podcast, acting, directing, but how did it all start for Michael Rapaport? My big break was Zebrahead and then True Romance and Higher Learning. Those legitimized me as an actor.

Zebrahead was about an interracial romance, right?

Yeah, I was very much that kid at the time. I related to that character a lot. That was my part. I knew it like it was meant to be.

And then you were in the legendary True Romance, my wife's favorite film. Anything special you can tell us about that, like Brad Pitt was a total asshole, right? No. Brad Pitt was cool. I was a kid in a candy store there, to be 24 years old and on that set. I mean, I would go to the set when I had no business being there, just to be with Christoper Walken, to be at craft services with Christopher Walken, loving him as much as I did. James Gandolfini was another one at the time-he was like a kid in a candy store too. And Kevin Corrigan, we were like holy shit! To be there when Gary Oldman was getting his makeup on, his gold teeth, his wig. I went to the set when Christopher Walken and Dennis Hopper were shooting that iconic scene in the trailer. And Brad Pitt wasn't who he is now, but you knew he was gonna be. He'd burst onto the scene in Thelma & Louise, was an immediate





star, and then he'd done *A River Runs Through It.* He had that star quality that comes along every 20 years. You knew he was gonna be mega, mega, mega, but he was totally cool. Nothing but fun on that set.

Netflix just announced that Aytpical is coming back for Season 2?

Yeah, I'm very proud of the show, love that show. People love it. I've gotten so many comments on social media, kinda making me aware of what that show's meant to people with autism. The main character on *Atypical* has autism, and it's struck a chord. It's not like a smash, smash hit or anything, but it means a lot to the people who've seen it.

I'm sure you can't tell me the plot of Season 2, but I get the feeling, from the look you shot at your cheating wife Jennifer Jason Leigh at the end of Season 1, that some shit is about to go down?

Ha, yeah, I hope so. I hope all things go amuck with the relationship between me and her. I've been a fan of Jennifer's for so long, since Fast Times at Ridgemont High really, but I hope things go completely off the rails with us in Season 2.

You seem to like to make lists in your book, so how about a list of your favorite acting gigs of all time?

In no order, my favorite acting gigs are *True Romance*, *Higher Learning*, and this new show I got coming out on Showtime named *White Famous*. It's irreverent; it's out there. Also, *Louie* and working with Woody Allen. I worked with him in *Small Time Crooks*, *Mighty Aprhodite* and on his Amazon show three times. That's my top five in no particular order.

Your favorite coworkers?

Woody Allen, Laurence Fishburne, Kevin Corrigan, Walt Goggins from *Justified*. He was in *Hateful Eight*, ridiculous actor. Brad Pitt. Juliette Lewis is one of my favorites.

Okay, Michael, now it's time to talk trash: Give me a list of your *least* favorite acting gigs of all time, your least favorite coworkers.

It's funny—I've never had an experience where an actor rubbed me the wrong way for a long time, a day or two maybe. Look, I'd throw anyone under the bus, but I just don't have that. I'll say this, the jobs that were most frustrating were Metro, with me and Eddie Murphy, because it could've been something better than it was—it was poorly directed, poorly executed—and then The 6th Day with Arnold Schwarzenegger. The thing is, when there's so much money involved and so many cooks in the kitchen.

it's hard to make something good. Those were two of the times I made the most money as a film actor, but they were very frustrating.

C'mon, man, one shitty coworker?!

I'd say it—I'd be happy to say it—but there's nobody who I wouldn't work with again. I'll tell you one thing though, the largely popular *Prison Break*, I didn't like that show. It's crazy—that show is enormously popular worldwide—but I couldn't stand working on that show. I think it was because when I worked on that, it was the last season, and I felt like everyone had a throw-in-the-towel kind of attitude. But working on that show, making the money I was making every week inspired greatness: I used a lot of that money for my documentary, *Beats, Rhymes & Life: The Travels of A Tribe Called Quest.* I was like, I'm not making art here. but I'm gonna make art there.

Finally, we get to the chapter in your book that's likely closest to our readers' hearts, "The Ultimate List of Great Stickmen." For those not in the know, what exactly is a "stickman"?

Getting it in with the ladies. Sylvester Stallone told me on the set of *Cop Land*—we were talking about Burgess Meredith in *Rocky*—and Sly said, "0h, yeah, he was a great stickman." I didn't know what the term meant, but Sly Stallone passed me the *stickman* term, and he exposed me to the fact that little Burgess Meredith, the original Penguin, Mickey from all the *Rocky* movies, was big with the ladies. I was fascinated with that because it was so out of left field. So in the book I give the firstever, Volume 1 list of the great stickmen of all time. Obviously, that includes the likes of Leonardo DiCaprio, a fantastic stickman, and Derek Jeter, who had a great run as a phenomenal cocksman, plus the legendary JFK Jr., Frank Sinatra... We break it all down in the book, but >>



"Everybody wants to use the Trump urinal!"



being a stickman is not being a scumbag. It's not about numbers. Obviously, to be a great stickman, you have to put up great numbers, but anybody can be a scumbag and cheat and swindle their way into ladies' laps. The reason Leonardo DiCaprio ends up number one on the list is volume, longevity, and you'd be hard-pressed to find anyone that has anything bad to say about him. For Leonardo to be number one, it's an homage to him. The amount of fame and success that he's had for so long, and to maintain it with dignity and class, that—and the fact he's put up so many numbers with so many models—is why Leo ends up our consummate stickman.

So given all that, where in the pantheon of great Hollywood stickmen do we find Michael Rapaport?

[Laughs.] Yeah, not a great stickman. I'm a married man, not a stickman.

This Book Has Balls: Sports Rants From the MVP of Talking Trash is available everywhere books are sold. Want an entertaining read and a good laugh? Rapaport lets fly with a number of quips as pure as Larry Bird's jump shot:

1) His scouting report on the pugilist nicknamed Money: "Floyd Mayweather is amazing in boxing and a prick in life."

2) His description of why he probably won't end up trading punches with his nemesis LeBron James: "And while I still want to fight him, I don't want my kids to grow up without a father."

3) His explanation of why he had to give up hot yoga, a realization he came to only after a "helpful" instructor sidled up behind "White Mike" to readjust his pose and whisper sweet nothings into his ear: "The motherfucker had me in a hip grip with a twist of mind control thrown in."

4) And his analysis of how Tiger Woods can salvage his career: "You quit side pussy and golf quit you," Rapaport tells Tiger. "You won 14 majors all while your loaf was in the hands of strangers! It was beautiful to witness. PGA Player of the Year 11 times while that porn star had your balls in her mouth!"

















PRIVATE NUDES



PHOTOGRAPHY BY LEONARDO GLAUSO









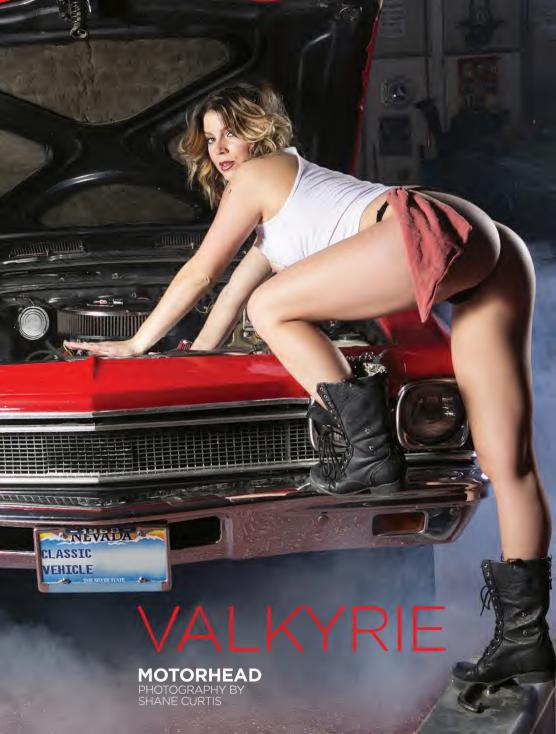


neak an exclusive peek at a refreshingly candid collection of snapshots from Italian fashion photographer Leonardo Glauso. His new book, *Private Nudes*, celebrates beauty, spontaneity and innocence. We capture a glimpse into the everyday lives of young, alluring women. Erotically charged in their simplicity, his photos are altogether powerful.

Private Nudes is available on **GoliathBooks.com** and wherever books are sold.



















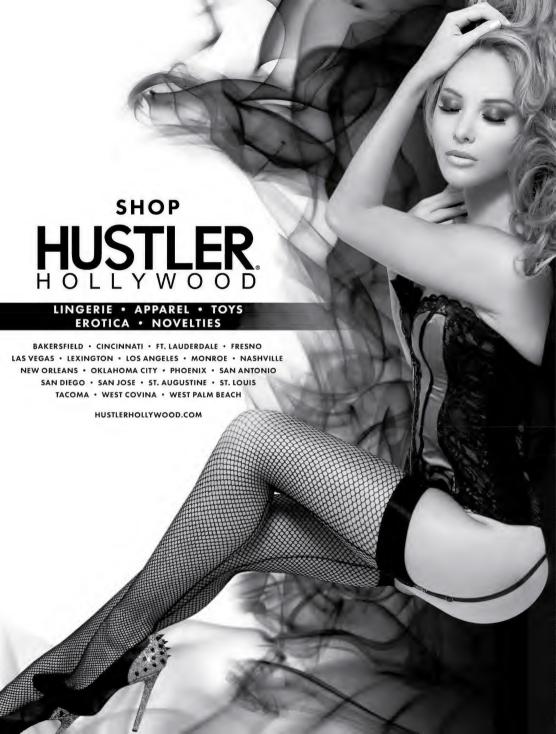














"And before I pronounce you man and wife, I'd like the congregation to know that I will no longer conduct ceremonies couples write themselves."























The two 90-year-olds had been dating for a few weeks when Tom told Enid, "Tonight's the night we have sex." And so they did. As they were lying in beatferward, Tom thought to himself, My God! If I had known she was a virgin, I would have been much more gentle with her.

Meanwhile Enid was thinking, Shucks. If I'd known the geezer could actually get it up, I would have taken off my pantyhose.

HUSTLER Wisdom: The only problem with politicians is that 99% of them give the rest a bad name.

A short guy named Clancy stepped into an elevator, looked up and saw a hulk of a man standing next to him. Noticing the little fella staring at him, the behemoth grunted, "Seven feet, 350 pounds, 12-inch penis, three-pound testicles, Turner Brown."

Clancy fainted and collapsed on the elevator floor. The big man knelt down and shook him until he came to. "What's wrong with you, pal?!" the giant demanded.

In a weak voice, Clancy gasped, "What exactly did you say to me?"

The imposing dude replied, "I saw your curious look and figured I'd just answer the questions everyone always asks me. I'm seven feet tall, I weigh 350 pounds, I have a 12-inch penis, my testicles weigh three pounds each, and my name is Turner Brown."

Clancy was speechless for a few moments, then muttered, "Turner Brown?! Sweet Jesus, I thought you said, 'Turn around!'"

Question: What's the difference between a pregnant woman and a lightbulb?

Answer: You can unscrew a lightbulb.

While standing in line in the company cafeteria, Jack said to Mike behind him, "My elbow hurts like hell. Guess I'd better see a doctor."

"You don't have to spend that kind of money," Mike assured him. "There's a diagnostic computer at the drugstore on the corner. Give it a urine sample, and the gizmo will tell you what's wrong and what to do. It takes ten seconds and costs ten bucks, a helluva lot cheaper than a doctor."

After work Jack peed into a small jar and took it to the drugstore. He slid a \$10 bill into the computer and was instructed to deposit his urine sample. Ten seconds later the computer ejected a printout: "You

have tennis elbow. Soak your arm in warm water and avoid strenuous activity. Your condition will improve in two weeks."

That evening, while thinking how amazing the diagnostic computer was, Jack wondered if it could be fooled. He mixed some tap water, poop from his dog, urine samples from his daughter and wife and masturbated into the jar for good measure. Jack rushed back to the drugstore, deposited \$10, poured in his concoction and awaited the results.

The computer spewed out the following: "1. Your tap water is too hard. Add a water softener. 2. Your dog has ringworm. Bathe it with antifungal shampoo. 3. Your daughter has a cocaine habit. Get her into rehab. 4. Your wife is pregnant—twin girls. They aren't yours. Hire a lawyer. 5. If you don't stop masturbating, your elbow will never get better."

friends were on the golf course.
"I wish my wife had never taken
up golf," one of them grumbled. "She spends
so much time practicing these days, she
only makes love to me once a week."

"You're lucky," his buddy remarked. "She's cut some of us off altogether."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, who tsend it our way? Submit your withy stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to HUSTLER@LFP.com. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!





"Dad, have you thought of a nice spot to scatter Mom's ashes?"





HUSTLER: How did you get into playing cello?

KEISHA GREY: In middle school we had this thing called the Wheel, where you could try any elective that you wanted. I chose orchestra. Everyone wanted the violin. I'm like, "The violin is so screechy. I hate it." The viola has beautiful, rich sounds, and then there's the cello. I learned that the reason people like bass instruments so much is because of the sound of the heartbeat when you're in the womb. When I first heard the cello, I was just like [her jaw drops]. It's so rich, and holds the beat.

It is an incredibly resonant instrument. Do you perform publicly?

Yes. I really like to play Baroque-style, but a favorite piece is "The Kraken" from *Pirates of the Caribbean:*Dead Man's Chest. Just because it's so dark.

Did playing cello create hitches in your dating life at all? It's perceived as maybe a little bit geeky or... Nerdy? No. I got boyfriends in high school [smiles].

Who are some of your favorite musicians?

Victor Wooten, he's a bass player. Jimi Hendrix, always, since I was growing up. Let's see...bands, I like The Strokes; I like Incubus. There's so many. I'm such a music head. We can look at some of my vinyls.

Actually, I saw you have some Primus in there. As far as bass players go, Les Claypool is insanely talented.

Les Claypool, yeah, he's one of my favorites.

In terms of art outside of music, what sort of stuff do you like? I really love painting...I just like to explore different artists. My favorite is probably James Jean. He's kind of newer. Very surreal.

Do you create art aside from music?

When I was little, I was a lot more into art, but I stopped, because it would never come onto the paper how I wanted it to.

That's one of the most frustrating things, that disconnect. How long have you been in the porn industry, Keisha? Almost four years.

And how did you start?

Growing up, I would always watch television shows of girls who posed in the nude. They seemed so comfortable in their own skin. I'm like, Wow, they're beautiful. I want to do that someday. That started when I was in middle school. From then on, I'd decided. I dropped out of college, flew to L.A. and pursued my dreams.

Is your family aware that you're in the business?

Yes. My family is very aware that I'm in the business, and at first, as any parent would probably be, they were like, "Don't you want to do something else? You have all these other dreams, music, art, all of that." I'm like, "This is what I want to do." So then they were like, "You're an adult, and we're going to love you no matter what."





Were you nervous about breaking the news to them that you were going into porn?

No. My best friend told them before I even left. They were pretty worried I would get into trouble, but once I was able to see the controlled environments everything happens in, I felt very confident nothing could happen to me.

Do you prefer to date inside or outside of the industry?

I hadn't really dated anyone in the industry until this year, when this guy caught my eye. We were pretty understanding of each other's work.

Just in general, what draws you to a man?

What draws me to a guy: First is looks, obviously. Second, when they make me laugh. Third, when we want the best for each other.

Nice. What turns you off?

Cockiness or if they're very full of themselves...or if they're short.

You've done your share of girl-girl scenes. Is that something that carries over into your personal life, or is that strictly for the camera? Girls really intimidate me, so it's more of an on-camera thing. If a girl were to come on to me and be more dominant, you never know the possibilities. But I'm pretty shy when it comes to girls.

How about the anal fisting scene you did with Ava Addams? Was there a lot of preparation involved in that?

There's always a lot of preparation for anal, any kind of anal. When you take something that big, you want to be very relaxed. Just be clean and relaxed.

Were you nervous at all about that?

No, not really. I was turned on, so it makes it easier.

What sort of sex do you enjoy?

On- or off-camera?

Let's start with off-camera.

Off-camera? Passion, eye contact. When it's off-camera, it's completely different. On-camera is more of a performance, whereas off-camera is all just passion. Passion. ..love. Like when I'm working with a male talent on-camera, you're there, you create a sort of chemistry, and then you're gone. That's that. Then I come home, and it's passion. Night and day.

Do you have a favorite scene you've performed in?

Probably the Blacked.com scene, and that's with Ricky Johnson, Jason Brown, Karlee Grey, Abella Danger and myself. That was probably one of the best scenes.

What did you like about it so much?

I love the setup, how I'm the skater girl, and we're sitting at the Pink Motel [a 1950s-era motel in the San Fernando Valley], watching these guys skate. I liked that because I skateboard. I think that the director kind of fed off of that and made it a little bit retro.

Like an '80s, '90s sort of thing?

Eighties. That was really fun. >>



It's approximately two in the afternoon, and Keisha Grey is stroking her pussy on her patio, regardless of what her neighbors might think of it. Unfortunately, her pussy—a female cat named Fritz that Grey took in about the time she entered the porn industry—is feeling uncooperative at the moment. Whether it's the flashes from the camera or just general feline fickleness, Fritz bolts from Keisha's embrace, effectively ending her career in adult-magazine modeling, at least for the time being.

But then it's hard to fault Fritz's temperament, as she comes from a problematic past. "Her mother was a whore," Grey divulges. "Her mom was a black cat, and then the litter, there were two Siamese, a gray one and Fritz."

You're from Florida, right? Yes. Tampa, Florida.

What was it like for you growing up there?

I had three siblings, and I was outside all the time, kind of a tomboy, but I also took dance. I guess I was a normal kid. I really loved the sunshine and the rain.

How long have you been in California?

I've been here about three years now. I started in the industry and was moving from Tampa to L.A. and back, but that got exhausting, so I decided to just move over.

Do you have a preference between the two states, Florida and California?

California. I really like California because of the constant movement. There's always something to do, whereas Florida is more nature. I get very homesick for Florida and all the swamps and all the beaches, but here I have work on work on work. I enjoy it, and I've met some amazing people.

Have there been any awkward scenes that you've filmed?

Awkward scenes? Definitely. I don't even know what makes it awkward. Either there's chemistry there, or it's just completely gone.

In general, what's your interaction like with fans on social media?

If they disrespect me, then I'm going to be a dick. If they're sweet to me, then I'm going to reply, "Aw, thank you so much. That means a lot. That's so sweet. Keep watching!"

What would you say the percentage of good to had is?

I would say 10 trolls to 90 good people.

That's actually not a bad percentage. A lot of peo-



ple have said they didn't want you to get too skinny. How do you react to that?

Tell them that there are plenty of other fish in the sea. It's always either "You're too fat" or "You're too skinny." But I could give a shit.

You've mentioned in a few posts that you're not much of a partier. Not at all. Even when I do go out, it's not like to a club or anything crazy. I'll go out for pizza and beer, or something like Dave & Buster's, just have fun.

Was that a decision you made early in your life, not to get involved in a partying lifestyle?

Yeah. I started partying at a really young age, and I guess I'm just over it. I'm really over it, especially now, when people know who I am. I try to lay low.

Do you have an exercise regimen?

I do a lot of hot yoga. That's why my body fat has dissipated. In this industry, of course, you have to look good. Hot yoga...not only is it mind; it's body too. Yoga's helped me a lot.

Before you became a porn star, what kind of jobs were you doing?

I was a barista, which I hated.

What did you hate about it?

The customers. Bossy. "This is not what I ordered." I was also a golf cart girl, but I quit in a week. It was too hot.

How long do you see yourself continuing in the adult industry?

Until I don't like it anymore. But afterwards I want to go to vet school, something like that, animal rehabilitation.

It seems you definitely have a love for animals. Aside from Fritz, do you have any other pets?

We have a puppy on the way. [Update: Keisha has recently adopted Squanch, an adorable shar-pei.]

That will be interesting, with a dog and a cat in the same house. So do you feel you have a spiritual side?

Yes, definitely. I believe that I'm surrounded by guides and angels that...not necessarily look out for me, but guide me. It sounds fucking crazy.

Did you grow up religious?

No, no, no, no. My parents were hippies. They always taught me to believe in whatever I wanted to, as long as it wasn't, like, evil. If I ever find myself in a shitty situation or feeling helpless, I close my eyes, and I say, "How I feel right now, this isn't mine," because I consider myself like a sponge that soaks up everyone else's shit. I wipe my hands, and I'm like, "This is not mine." My guides and angels are there for me, and they send me love.

How about politically? Do you have any sort of political philosophy? Politically, I think we're fucked. I'm scared, but I think it'll be okay.

Were you surprised by Trump's victory?

Yes, yes. If Hillary won—well, I'm not fond of her either. This election, I was just like. "Oh. God."

When you're not working or playing music, what do you like to do?

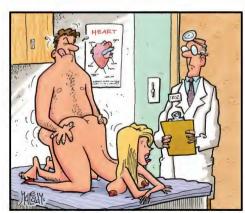
I love going to the movies. I used to hike a lot and skateboard a lot, but now my body is my work, and if I get hurt and can't go to work...

You'd be disappointing your many fans, that's for sure. Stay well, Keisha, and thank you so much for your time.

Of course, thank you for coming.

You can track Keisha Grey every day @LittleKeish on Twitter and Instagram—you'll be joining well over a million followers!





"My husband suffers from erectile dysfunction, Doctor. Fortunately, this isn't my husband."





A THIRST FOR INK

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: OTTO BAUER. STARRING: ANNA BELL PEAKS, RAVEN BAY, PAYTON SIN CLAIRE, KLEIO VALENTIEN, LYLA DEAN, RYAN DRILLER, MARCO BAN-DERAS, WILL POWERS, IKE DIEZEL & DERRICK PIERCE.



Opinions vary on heavily tatted porn chicks. Some guys could be put off by women with more body art than a Merchant Marine. But if your ideal woman is a gal who can suck your asshole out through your urethra and operate the Tilt-A-Whirl at a carnival, A Thirst for Ink will get under your skin in a delightful way. With her plum-colored hair and pneumatic tits, Anna Bell Peaks sports tats that include a rose above each breast, a butterfly enveloping her belly button and an ornate skull on her arm-a kind of botanical garden of the damned. And damn, can she suck cock—thick ropes of drool dangle from her chin as she chokes down her partner's footlong. Exotic brunette Raven Bay, whose lips might have been pumped up a touch beyond the manufacturer's recommended psi, boasts less intrusive ink. Her body art is primarily relegated to a few random scrawls-aside from the set of wings on her back that suggest she might take flight as she rides her partner's prod. If you like your ladies on the illustrated side of things. A Thirst for Ink will quench your desire nicely. To order, call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit HustlerStore.com. —Pico D. Ribibi

HARDCORE SHOWCASE











HARDCORE SHOWCASE

BOUNCE

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: MANUEL FER-RARA. STARRING: KEISHA GREY, ABELLA DAN-GER, AJ APPLEGATE, CASSIDY BANKS & MANUEL FERRARA.

Slow-motion camerawork and the laws of gravity join forces to put the pep in *Bounce*, a fleshy paean

to well-shaped breasts and buttocks. Keisha Grey's blouse works harder than a one-armed wallpaper hanger to keep those gorgeous knockers under wraps. Once unveiled, her mambos resemble two giant teardrops weeping at their own grandeur. Enter walking hard-on Manuel Ferrara, who mauls her heaving dairy domes and sucks at her spouts like a starving infant. Grey licks her own tatas as the man hammers her twat like there's no tomorrow. You gotta love Ferrara; when he dies, they will probably have to modify his casket to accommodate an erection that refuses to perish. Callipygian cum-target Abella Danger isn't much in the tits department, but she boasts an ass that anyone would love to be smothered by. Danger busts out some yoga moves, hops on a trampoline and works a jump rope to showcase her beautiful booty jiggle. Ferrara plants his lance in her sphincters and drills brutally away until he nuts on her face-after which he goes in for seconds, then feeds Danger her own ass juice from his insatiable shooter. Cassidy Banks sports luminous eyes that are nearly as impressive as her chest mounds, and Ferrara takes full advantage of the boob bounty laid out before him, spelunking between Banks' mountainous mams during a titillating tittyfuck. Bounce will make your pogo stick jump for joy.







MORE THAN FRIENDS

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: DAVID LORD. STARRING: ALEXA GRACE, JOSELINE KELLY, ELIZA JANE, CAROLINA SWEETS, KATRINA JADE, JESSA RHODES, ALANA CRUISE, LUCAS FROST, DERRICK PIERCE, RYAN MCLANE & DAMON DICE.



More Than Friends seeks to poke holes in the dreaded friend zone one blood-swollen thrust at a time. The proceedings kick off with Carolina Sweets, a brunette who's a bit doughy around the middle and has tits that could generously be described as modest. Luckily those shortcomings are offset by a girl-next-door charm. Sweets is paired with a dude who seems like he reluctantly skipped the local Pride parade to film this scene. Nonetheless, it's a fairly convincing performance; one can almost imagine that he isn't closing his eyes and thinking of Ricky Martin as Sweets slobbers on his beef baton and sucks his scum orbs. Joseline Kelly, who has eyebrows like caterpillars that have been fed a steady diet of Rogaine, commingles with her blond, pigtailed gal pal, nuzzling on her friend's Tater Tot titties before lapping at her fuzzy croissant. It's a passionate enough coupling, though you'd probably only drool over these chicks if they were waiting for you outside the prison gates after your ten-year sentence. Exotic, pretty Katrina Jade provides a brief respite, with fabulous tits and an ass that's built for punishment. But by this point you'll probably have already tucked your cock back behind your zipper and called it a night. More Than Friends is less than impressive. —P.D.R.





HARDCORE SHOWCASE

























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NIKKI

"All female gymnasts are show-offs," says Nikki, 22, from Moscow, Russia, a nation that takes gymnastics seriously. "Competitors want everyone to see how flexible and strong they are—and," she quips, "how sexy they look in a leotard." Years of training blessed the 5-foot-5 vault specialist with a shipshape body, but her lack of inhibitions was the spark that motivated Nikki to strip bare and show it off in HUSTLER. Her hobbies are traveling, cross-country skiing and collecting matryoshka dolls. From the front and rear, Nikki's a knockyour-socks-off doll. —*Photos by Omnia Productions*



















CALILYNN

This caretaker and MILF from Newport Beach, California, didn't have to think twice about where to break into nude modeling. "What woman doesn't want to be naked in HUSTLER?" raves Cali Lynn, 33. "It's the most infamously amazing mag ever!" The 5-foot-4 newbie is voluptuous and vivacious: "I'm like a slow-burning campfire that someone throws gasoline on," Cali Lynn tells us. "I'm into nature, museums, fast cars and slightly rough sex. I love to be submissive with a dominant man, but for some reason, I can only play that role for a little bit. I want to get him mad by taking full control and then have make-up sex! Fun, fun, fun!" When Valentine's Day rolls around, Cali Lynn has a unique ritual: "I like to lie around the house half naked with the rest of my body covered in silk. After a bubble bath I get buzzed drinking vodka, play with myself and watch cheesy romance movies while cursing all of my exes." — Photos by Friend







CANDII STAXX

"I'm always hankering to be naked," admits Candii Staxx, 28, from Dallas, Texas. "I feel free and so alive. Modeling nude is an even bigger turn-on because guys everywhere will be looking at me. I guess you could call me an exhibitionist." No wonder the 5-foot-7 cutie has chosen a way to make a living and streamline her body to boot. "I'm a very talented exotic entertainer," Candii proudly explains. "Dancing keeps me in great shape. I love rocking the pole, and the adrenaline that flows through my body can't be achieved by just anyone." Being limber is a stripper's job requirement, so that knack definitely comes in handy when bi-curious Candii is in the bedroom. Her favorite movie is *Memoirs of a Geisha*, and her fave book is *Fifty Shades of Grey*, and it isn't hard to figure out why. "I have a vivid imagination," she exults. "I'm into any fetish and position my partner requests—the weirder the better." Candii's amorous repertoire includes "butt sex with a guy who knows what he's doing." Absent, at least for the time being, is girl-girl hanky-panky: "Women are a work of art, and I see beauty in every one, but I'd rather look and tease than play with their kitty, if you know what I mean." —*Photos by Ron Neumann*



TIARA TAE

Towering Tiara Tae from Astoria, Oregon, will be turning 23 in February, and she adores being seen in her birthday suit: "I love nudity, and I'm very comfortable with my body," the 6-foot Beaver Stater reveals, "so I don't mind others enjoying it. I'm very outgoing, adventurous, cheerful, charming and playful. I had fun dancing at Larry Flynt's HUSTLER Club in Las Vegas, and being naked in his magazine is icing on the cake." Two of Tiara's pastimes are shopping—"Buying new things makes me happy!" and watching Bob's Burgers and "real thug stuff" flicks like Friday, Get Rich or Die Tryin' and Blow. As for her number-one kick, the bi babe confides, "I think giving and getting massages before sex is very sensual and a real turn-on, and I've been told many, many times that I'm amazing at giving head. I really get into it. Same with doggy-style and cowgirl; they really hit the spot for me." Tiara's fantasy? "I'd like to get sensual with another tall, blond goddess-looking woman." -Photos by Friend







Twitter: @Tiara Tae

"On my birthday and Valentine's Day I love staying home and having sex all day and night. Celebrating with absolutely nothing to do except lots of good loving."

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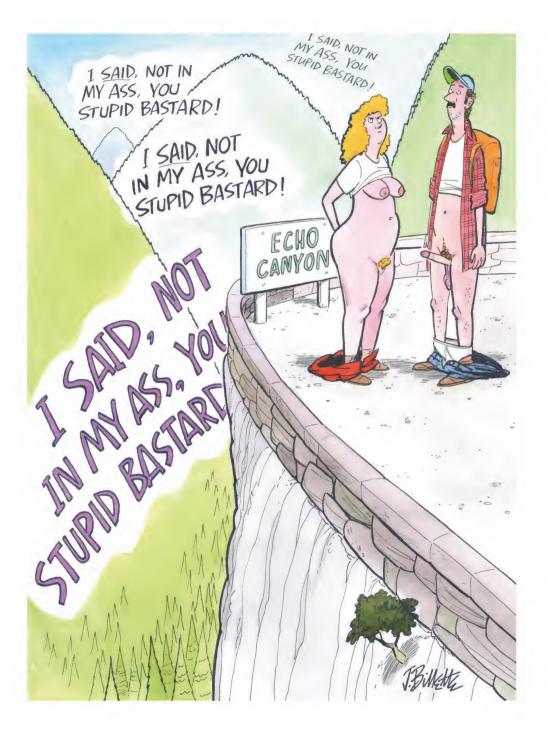
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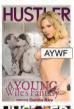






































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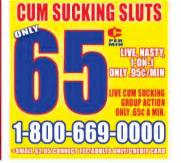
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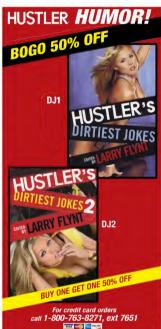












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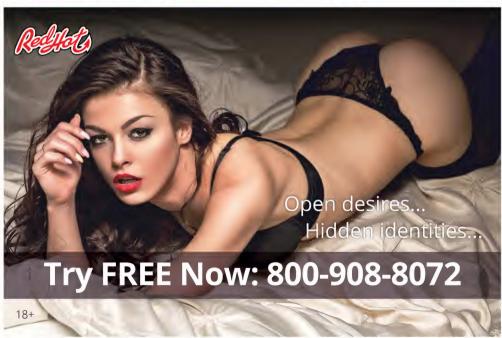






























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TANYA & HOLLIE BEACH BLANKET BIMBOS HUSTLER CLASSIC APRIL 2004 PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE MCLEAN















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ARI SHAFFIR

Fresh off his two-part Netflix special Double Negative, Shaffir tells us his likes (magic mushrooms, destroying gods and a good Holocaust joke); reveals how Pauly Shore improved his sex life; and explains the lighter side of shitting yourself. Interview by Shane Andalou. Photography by Nick Bielski.



Take a nostalgic cross-country adventure with alt-erotic star Stoya, two cats and a lensman. What's more American than roadside tourist attractions and full-frontal nudity? Enjoy flashing aliens at Roswell, titty pics at the O.K. Corral and more! Travelogue by Stoya. Photography by Steve Prue.



LANA RHOADES: **FILTHY FANTASIES**

By popular fan demand, our October 2017 Cover Honey returns, and this time she's fucking for the camera and fulfilling your every filthy fantasy. Lots of deep-dicking and licking and the hottest lesbian scene ever! Photography courtesy HUSTLER Video.



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